

How to Tame My Mate

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Category: How to Train Your Dragon

Genre: Romance, Supernatural

Language: English

Characters: Astrid, Hiccup

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2012-04-18 12:15:57

Updated: 2012-04-18 12:15:57

Packaged: 2016-04-26 13:25:17

Rating: M

Chapters: 11

Words: 8,717

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: What id The Hiccup all of Berk knew was a majic tric. What if he was the last of his bloodline destined to save the world, what if his chosen mate was Astrid.

1. Chapter 1

****Prologue****

****...xX...How to Tame my Mate...Xx...****

****Prologue****

****Berk, its twelve days north of **_**Hells bliss**_** and a few digress south of **_**Freezing to death**_**, its located solidly on a tall and rocky island surrounded by mist, called **_**gradient of misery**_**.**

****This village, in a single word was dirty; it's been there for seven generations, although every building was new. ****

****Spear fishing, hunting and the charming view of the sunsets, the only problems are the pests. ****

****Most locations have mice, mosquitoes, locusts, or flesh-eating flies. Wellâ€|Berk have a much bigger problemâ€|****the village of Berk haveâ€| dragons.****

****Most people would leave, but the people of Berk were Vikings, no**** matter how vicious the dragons were, the Vikings would never give up. ****

****This was probably due to some sort of pride they had, a warrior's code to fight to the death? or it was just some random stubbornness issues. ****

****But killing a dragon means everything to a Viking in Berk.****

2. Chapter 2

****~o000o~****

****Chapter 1****

****There was one particular Viking that held the gods interest, and this Vikings' name was Hiccup Horrendus Haddock III, although Stoic and the blacksmith of Berk call him Hiccup the mute, or just Hiccup.****

****Hiccup wasn't a Viking like any other, it wasn't just that he wasn't built like the others or the same size as the rest of the young Vikings his age, it was because he was ... different... and among those differences, was that he couldn't or wouldn't speak.****

****His mother Berta had taken Hiccup and a few other Vikings on his first a sea voyage for his sixth birthday, to loot and pillages a neighbouring land, when a ferocious storm hit. No-one but Hiccup and the gods knew what had happened that day, but one thing was known throughout the village of Berk, Hiccup had been the only survivor.****

****It was said that his voice was taken by the gods as a punishment of some kind, others had rumoured that he only refused to speak, so not to have to answer what had happened on the voyage. ****

****He had been trying to relearn how to speak, although he was only making slow progress. He could just manage to make noises, a grunt or a sigh for example, but nothing more.****

****There was another thing there was to know about this young Viking, Hiccup wasn't just some villager, he was the son of the villages' strongest worrier, Stoic the vast, and was to become the next village chief. ****

****The people of Berk didn't like the prospect of Hiccup becoming their next leader, but most weren't worried of such a thing happening, Hiccup wasn't of age yet since he was only in his fourteenth year and was told throughout the land to be weak, and although not know to anyone but stoic and Gobber, Hiccup has to survive his Ascension, or in simpler terms awakening fist.****

****An awakening was something every male in Berta's' side of the family had to go through when they became of age, Hiccups' father only became the chief of Berk due to the death of his wife Berta, but the reason Berta had risen to take the position of chief was because most men of her family didn't live past their awakening, and weren't strong enough to withhold the power it gives.****

****But Stoic believed that the bloodline must have skipped a generation, partly because he didn't believe Hiccup capable of such power, and because Hiccup hadn't shown any signs of containing such a bloodline or possessing the mark of one.****

****It was once told throughout the lands that Berta's bloodline were**

the decedents of the gods, part god part man, they were called ****_**inklings**_**** or the ****_**ink hearted**_****, although the females of the bloodline for unknown reasons, weren't able to wield the power that ran through there veins as the men were.**

****Such stories weren't told in Berk anymore, the people of Berk were ignorant and refused to believe that Hiccup was anything but weak and unfit to be their chief and leader, and so the younger generations grew to believe in such things too.****

3. Chapter 3

****~o000o~****

****Chapter 2****

****Dragon training is one of the many steps every young Viking goes through once they're the age of fourteen, they go to prove themselves and their family's worth as warrior's, dragon training is crucial to a Vikings survival, either in battle or in life. ****

****It was something of a rite of passage for every young Viking.****

****If a Viking proves himself better than the rest during dragon training, they not only gain respect and honour for their self and their family, but the privilege of slaying their first dragon in front of the entire village, of cause the dragon depends on the level of skill you prove to have, and although rarely, some of the neighbouring lands come to watch too, but such a thing has only happened once in Berk.****

****But you could say this year was different to the rest, the people of Berk were eager to see this year's results, there were even rumours travelling that this year, there could be a slaying of a Nightmare. ****

****Yes, Hiccup would be participating in the dragon training this year, but he wasn't the cause of this particular uproar.****

****No, for the first time in Berk history, there would be a young female Viking with the potential of becoming a Shield-maiden.****

****Although only a few, there were known to be some shield-maiden's in other lands, but never in Berk. It wasn't uncommon for a female Viking to be a capable fighter; it was just that there tended to be males more capable and more skilled.****

****But Astrid was different, she was always different; she had the skill and attitude to go far and become a grate shield-maiden. Astrid has made it well know that even though she was slim and know to be beautiful, she had no intention of going into a marriage contract, or letting any man get the better of her, and there were even a few brave Vikings who received a few burses to prove it.****

4. Chapter 4

~o000o~

Chapter 3

**On the other side of a steep and enormous cliff, was a stone bridge that connected Berk to a giant dome-shaped coliseum. The dome was built with flawless stone, and on top of the dome, was a metal cage.
**

**The walls and the cage roof was made with the best workmanship ever seen throughout the lands and there for had no flaws, it was built into the side of the cliff that towered above it. **

**Inside and out, were doors that were bolted into, and secured, by plank locks. **

"**Welcome to dragon training" Gobber said in a thick Scottish ascent as he flung up the heavily armoured gate to the arena, which acted as the dragon training grounds, and as usual Gobber didn't notice that Hiccup wasn't among the group of young Vikings. **

Gobber the Belch was Berks blacksmith, he was like any other Viking you'd see around Berk, **although almost Stoic's height, he was**** board and muscular with an ale gut, but not the most pleasant face to look at, and a skilled warrior although having a hook for a hand and a peg for a leg weren't helpful. **

**He wore a yellow sleeveless Viking shirt with brown and white pants that were nearly worn out, a Viking style boot on his left foot, while his right foot was a peg leg, a brown furred vest, a Viking helmet with triangular shaped horns on it. **

He also had a brown wrist band with several bands going up his right arm, while on his left arm, his hand had been completely replaced by a rope tied but exchangeable prosthetic left hand, which was currently a sharp battle hook.

He had a few missing teeth as well as **un-straightened**** ones, to show for some fights won or lost, and a grown blond moustache that was braided at the ends, but no-one would mistake him for anything less than a Viking. Hiccup had been Gobber's apprentice ever since he was little.**

There was only a small bunch of Vikings training this year ... well since there were only six young Vikings on Berk, they were Fishlegs, Snotlout, the twins Ruffnut and Tuffnut, and of cause Astrid and Hiccup.

5. Chapter 5

~o000o~

Chapter 4 - Hiccup POV

Sometimes I wonder what I did to end up the way I am, who and what I am. But then I look around and see the other Vikings, and decide I wouldn't want to change.

**No-one understands me and my kind, although no one on Berk really

knows what I am, and has rarely caught sight of me in the village, so they wouldn't even know what I look like. Even my father doesn't acknowledge all the stories of my bloodline, he believes most of them are just that, stories. **

If the people of Berk, or even my father for that matter, knew what I've been hiding all these years, they wouldn't think me weak.

I had once been afraid to show my true self to the others of my tribe, afraid I would be an outcast and looked upon differently because of my inheritance. But it didn't matter, no matter how much or how hard I hid my bloodline and disguised it as something else, I was still always different, and the people of Berk don't like different.

**Even my father and Gobber are unaware; they didn't believe that I was strong enough to withhold the god's blood and harness its power. They couldn't see past the mist I wear around my true self and appearance. **

My people, my father as well as the ones I thought were my friends saw me as weak, and so I portrayed myself as just that. I became what the rumours and whispers said me to be. I used my inkling inheritance, and surrounded myself in a mist; I created an appearance, like an outer shell, so the people of Berk saw what they whispered me to be, I created myself outer shell to appear as Hiccup the weakling and mute through their eyes as they wished it to be, until I was ready to show my true self.

**I only truly confirmed my inheritance not too long ago, you see It is written in a journal I found a few years back, that inkling's were marked with a symbol over their hearts at the age of thirteen, which is when their abilities were said to begin to settle, although the mark has never been copied down on parchment for it being a symbol of the gods. **

The mark had appeared a few harvests ago; although it was something more like a brand or scar than anything else, and had hurt like one too. The mark isn't noticed due to the mist I'm surrounded in thankfully.

But today it all ends, today was different, since it's my first day of dragon training, I'm sick of hiding my legacy from others, fed up with being looked down upon.

I'm the son of the tribe's greatest warrior, Stoic the Vast, the next chief of the tribe, and the last of the inklings, and it's time to prove it.

I have waited of years to start my dragon training, what better way or time to prove myself as not only a warrior and a Viking, but to show others what an ink hearted is really capable of.

I stood up from the edge of the cliff that looked over the stormy sea and the misty sky that surrounded_** gradient of misery**_**, and made my way to the chief's cabin that overlooked Berk.
**

**Since I was young I had always used the back ways so to avoid being

seen where-ever I went even with the mist surrounding me. I had stopped trying to fit in years ago, so I'm not seen around the village, much to my father's pleasure. On the rare times the people of Berk do see me or notice me, they tended to act ignorant of my existence and as usual the younger generation's followed suit.**

But that didn't bother me much anymore; it makes it easier hiding my true nature from others without regret.

I was running swiftly through the hidden trail roads that were on the borders of Berk, pushing off walls and trees, and once I'd gained enough momentum to do so, I jumped up into the branches, just to add some more speed and quicken my pace as well as to release some of my contained excitement, jumping from tree to tree, one branch to another.

I ended up at the front door of the cabin in what seemed like moments; I silently opened the wooden door, somehow knowing that Stoic was just on the other side of it.

The cabin was a two story structure although a simple one; the whole inside of the cabin was made out of a solid wood, as well as it having two fireplaces to keep the place warm on most occasions.

I was right as usual; Stoic sat on a bench not too far from me and the door, using the stoker on the fire.

Stoic was a tall and powerful looking Viking, who could dwarf anyone who stood near him, even when he was sitting down. He was dressed in a green and brown Viking battle ensemble, with two shoulder guards, and a black cape. He had red hair and a massively large red beard held together by braids.

One of the many stories about him was that when he was only an infant, he ripped a dragon's head clean off its own shoulders, did I believe it?...yes.

I was halfway up the crafted stairs, knowing that I could escape this moment in a instant if I let myself, he obviously wanted to give me another talking to before training; I almost winced at the thought. But I also know that my act wasn't quite over just yet, so I took in a refreshed breath, and I winced as I started to step heavily up the stairs, knowing that stoic would hear.

"**Hiccup" he said in a gruff not too pleased tone of voice.**

"_Crap" _**I thought this time not being able to withhold my cringe, no matter if I knew it was coming.**

"**I need to speak with you boy" he sneered, obviously not wanting to be here either.**

**Out of habit I made a show of walking clumsily down the stairs, tripping over the last step and coming to stand before him in a bit of a slouch giving him a little more height and power. I clenched my jaw and thought, *_ "Here we go again..." _

Let's get this straight here and now boy. ***You've got zero chance of being a Viking of any type; you're as skinny as a stick, easily breakable. You are many things, weak, a disgrace, as well as devastation to Berks title! But a worrier is not one of them! You can't kill dragons, you can't lift a hammer, and you can't even swing an axe..."**

Of cause I had heard all this before, or along the same lines; I just nodded in the right area. While telling myself over and over again **"_not yet", _I was determined to keep the act up until dragon training.**

"_If only you knew...If only..."_

I started to zone back into what Stoic was saying, or yelling after a few moments.

***This means you walk like us, you talk like us..."**

I just couldn't stop myself from rolling my eyes although Stoic didn't notice anyway.

He went on saying "...you think like us...no more of this" he finished while gesturing at me.

"_You just gestured to all of me_"**" I said to myself, but as usual he never heard me, no one ever heard me...but then again, some time's that was a good thing.**

At that he picked up a large sack from behind him, swung it over his shoulder and stormed out without another word.

**I stood there for a few moments until coming to the conclusion that Stoic must be leading another hunting voyage in search of the dragons nest before the ice sets in. **

"_Oh well... I guess that's more in my favour"_

I resumed my quick pace up the crafted stairs to my room. *It was a simple room; my bed was in the middle, the desk was on the right side with a sketchbook and many designs in it, as well as crafting tools, hammers and so onâ€¦scattered around. The room only had a circular window, although big enough for a person to get out with no need to squeeze through. There were a few bear skinned lounge chairs in the corner next to the window, along with a few leather bound books about Dragons and fighting, that were on top of an antler table.**

I walked over to my bed and took out a pile of folded clothes from under my bed; I know...not the best of hiding place, but come on, no one's going to be suspicious about clothes.

Unlike the ones I was currently wearing that were a few sizes too big, these were perfect. Sturdy and slick black boots and long black pants that were made out of the finest leather in Berk, a thick dark gray shirt that was the perfect size, it was made for any kind of weather...so there was no real need for a vest of any kind, and just to top it off, a newly polished belt with symbols carved into the metal work, forged by yours truly.

I wanted to quickly run to the forge to gather a few things, but I couldn't risk being any more later than I currently was, and the inventions I wanted to get weren't quite finished yet, they needed a few more hours of careful working in the forge and a few more tweaks.

I quickly changed into my new cloths, although I didn't drop the mist just yet, , they fitted me perfectly it was like another skin, and with that done I went searching for a sharp knife to crop my real hair.

Today was the day I make my mark, no more hiding and no more disguises.

6. Chapter 6

~o000o~

Chapter 5 â€" Astrid's POV

***No turning back" I said, and walked as confidently as I could manage, through the entrance of the heavily armoured arena.**

***I hope I get some serious burns." I heard Tuffnut say from behind me.**

***I'm hoping for some mauling, like on my shoulder or on my lower back" Ruffnut, his twin sister and the only other girl my age in the whole of Berk replied, it was all I could do to stop myself from rolling my eyes.**

***Yeah" I sighed deciding to humour them, "its only fun if you get a scar out of it" I said, although I couldn't care less.**

I've memorized every type of dragon ever seen in Berk. There was a Deadly Nadder, there defiantly get me noticed as a worrier, Gronkles were tough; not the most pleasant to look at, but they were very powerful; if at all, taking down one of those would definitely prove to the whole of Berk that the **Hofferson family were one of the most skilled Vikings in Berk****. **

A Hideous ZippleBack was one of the more exotic and mysterious of the dragons. After all, it was the only one that had two heads. Then there was the Monstrous Nightmare; it was said that only the best Vikings go after those. They have this nasty habit of setting themselves alight, which was their ultimate defense. No Viking would be crazy enough to get them-selves burned alive.

**But if I ever wanted to get noticed as a Shield-maiden and I mean really noticed, then I'd have to go for the ultimate prize. I'd have to go for the most mysterious of them all: The one they called the Night Fury. **

From what I had heard about it from the whispers around Berk, was that it never stole food, never showed itself, and most importantly: it **_never **_**missed its target. No one had ever seen, let alone, killed a Night Fury.**

And that's why I made it my plan to be the first.

7. Chapter 7

~o000o~

Chapter 6 â€" Hiccup's POV

I had arrived at the training grounds a little late; the others had already entered the arena. But that didn't really matter, they haven't even notice, not that anyone but a Stoic knew that I was coming let alone existed, although he didn't event care really.

Okay, it was time, I couldn't help but smile as I cleared the mist that surrounded me, although making sure to put some mist in front of Gobblers eyes so he wouldn't notice and still see the Hiccup he knew. I swiftly jumped down from the platform that looked over the arena, and landed silently on the dirt floor. I rose from the crouch I had landed in, and rested on the stone wall to my back, with my hands buried deep in my pockets.

I took in my surroundings and made note of the arenas strong points that could prove useful in battle, and its weak points which were thought non-existent.

Once I was finished studying the training grounds, I took a closer look at the others young Vikings that had now made their way to the centre of the coliseum.

One was quite tall in height and big in the midsection, especially the upper region. He wore an all fur shirt that nearly covered his whole body, black pants, and Viking style boots. His cheeks looked swelled; witch shrunk his whole face a bit, with shaggy blond hair and a small Viking helmet on his small head.

**I guessed he was Fishlegs, he appeared to be the most intelligent one among them, but only time would tell, I has seen him around Berk although he didn't see me, he appeared to be an expert on dragon knowledge though, which could come in handy in the long run. **

On either side of Fishlegs, were two young Vikings who appeared to be a twin brother and sister. They were both blond and had sort of a rough and forced look to them, although the girl still looked kinda' cute I guess.

They both wore the same type of Viking helmet, with which the horns were stretched out to look like antelope horns. The male wore a brown fur vest, a gray shirt with a brown belt, with greyish blue pants, brown arm straps from wrist to elbow, and like most of the others Viking style boots.

**The female had her long blond hair braided, two long braids in front, as well as two smaller ones that stuck up like animal ears, and brown eyes like her brother. She had two sets of dark gray arm bands, one that went to her palms and ended at her elbows, and the other on her biceps. **

**She had on a sleeveless yellow short skirt held on by a black belt, dirty green pants and dark boots. The girl's name must be Ruffnut,

and her brother Tuffnut; I had learnt from talk around the village that the twins were known to be wild, reckless, adrenalin junkies and not all that bright.**

There was a boy perhaps a year older than me who stood not far behind them. But unlike the others, this guy was muscle-bound, he looked to have the mental capacity of a rock, but I guess that would be a bit offensive to the rock.

He had slicked back brown hair, which was weighed down by a Viking helmet with sporting ram horns. He wore a faded yellow shirt showing off his muscled chest, he obviously was waiting for the hair to set in.

He wore a dark brown furred vest, with dark black pants, and brown wrist bands. He was Snotlot Jorgenson, I was told he was my cousin from my father's side; I almost cringed at the thought.

But my eyes kept being drawn to one particular young Viking, my gut flipped at the sight of her.

She was a female Viking, a bit short of people from Berk, but if there was one thing I had heard about this girl: size had nothing on her, her body frame was thin for a Viking, but by the look of her she was agile, and by the way she had walked into the arena, she had confidence, and I wouldn't disagree that she had earned it.

**She had long blond hair with long bangs that cover the left side of her forehead, her hair was braided into a ponytail, and she had dazzling blue eyes, one I could get lost in for hours. **

I shook my head to clear it. **_"Snap out of it, what are you doing?" _I asked myself.**

She wore a braided leather band across her forehead which must be her maiden-band, and bands around her forearms and palms. She also wore a greyish blue tight shirt with armoured shoulder pads hooked on the sleeves. She had a red leather skirt with spikes, a pouch at her hip, and two small skull pendants on her belt. She must be Astrid Hofferson, the one the whole village had and still was whispering about. She was the most beautiful girl I had ever seen.

It appeared that I had arrived just in time as Tuffnut or was it Ruffnut, it doesn't matter, the sister of the two asked the others in a hushed voice although not hushed enough, "Who's that?" nodding in my direction, at the exact same time that Gobber shouted "Where's Hiccup?"

8. Chapter 8

~oO00o~

Chapter 7 â€" Astrid's POV

Who's that?

***Where's Hiccup?" **

**It was a mixture of noise, each different enough in pitch that I

could make out each. **

**I ignored what Ruffnut had asked and focused more on what Gobber had said. I was confused, Hiccup who? If Gobber was asking for him than he'd have to be in his fourteenth year, but I know everyone in Berk, and I'm pretty I hadn't met anyone by the name of Hiccup.
**

The thoughts and questions that were running through my head were starting to form a headache.

***Who's Hiccup?" Fishlegs asked seeming to read my mind, which was an unconfutable thought, confusion appearing on my face, it wasn't often that the rest of us knew something that he didn't.**

I decided to stay quiet and just listen for the answer, to not just Fishlegs' question, but mine too.

***The mute weakling that's meant to be the Chief's son and my cousin" answered Snotlot with a smug look on his face, as if he'd battled some legendary dragon and lived to tell the tale, although he did spit the last word '**_**cousin**_**' like it had a bad taste to it.**

***Oh grate...who let him in" I heard Tuffnut mumble under his breath just loud enough for us all to hear.**

Everyone in Berk who had ears had heard the storied of Hiccup the mute. I had heard he was some short, weak, brain dead, voiceless excuse of a Viking. It was said that he was unable to even pick up a knife without cutting himself and that he didn't even leave the chiefs cabin so no one's really see him since he was six.

Even then no one my age has seen the mute only the whispers around Berk proves his existence.

The next thing I know I have an elbow jabbing my ribs, it was Ruffnut obviously trying to get my attention. "Hay...who's that?" she asked again, her jab's becoming more forceful and painful by the minute.

***Who?" I replied, just managing to cover up the irritation in my voice.**

Tuffnut, now having our full attention, pointed to a figure in shadows leaning on the wall/cage not too far from us and said "him."

***Oh there you are lad!" I heard Gobber shout, as he made his way towards the now identified Hiccup the mute.**

***At least that answers your question" I said a little dazed, as I got a better look at the so called 'weakling', when he stepped out from the shadows.**

I heard Ruffnut make a noise next to me, it was something between a sigh and a quick intake of breath that I thought was meant to be a sign of shock, I couldn't rip my eyes away from Hiccup, but I could imagine the dreamy look on her face; and I couldn't help but silently agree.

**I had more thoughts than any Viking could number running through my head at that moment, but the one that held most of my attention was:
**

"_**How could that! be Hiccup? The weakling I had been told about my whole life, the mute who couldn't hold his own and was unfit to be our next leader?"**_

If I could describe the figure that was make his way towards us with Gobber, I definitely wouldn't describe him as weak or unfit, I could feel my eyes glaze over.

It was true that he **didn't look like any other Viking she had ever seen.**

He appeared to be about half a foot taller than me so that crosses off short from the list, he wore a thick but tight dark-grey shirt, with the sleeves pulled up to his elbows, the coth clung to his chest in such a way that you could see his solid and lean muscles, although not bludging and bulky like most men on Berk, work fluently with every movement he made.

He had long black pants with slick boots, which looked as though they were made out of leather, and a newly crafted belt with symbols etched into it, I couldn't make out what from where I was standing.

**His hair was so pure white that it almost appeared silver in the light, it was in ruffles but short and spiked up in all directions, obviously newly cut, and his fringe appeared to flick to one side. He had bright green eyes, in so many shades that it looked like it held the whole woodland in them. **

He definitely wasn't your typical Viking. If only I had knew then what I was seeing know!

But this couldn't be Hiccup the mute, could it? I must of herd it wrong!

9. Chapter 9

~o000o~

Chapter 8 â€" Hiccup's POV

"**Oh there you are lad!"shouted Belch as he made his way towards me, I sighed.**

"_Here we go again"_

He then stoped mid stride, by the was his bushy eye brows came together he had obviously noticed something different with me, although he couldn't physically see my true self, he must have noticed something in the way I was acting, but Gobbler being Gobbler he shook his head and resumed his walking.

**I could feel the others eyes on me and did my best to ignore them, by the way they were staring at me, I'd say they weren't over their

confusion just yet. Gobber steered me towards the centre of the arena where the others were waiting.**

***Don't worry, your small, you're weak, that'll make you less of a target, they'll see you as sick or insane and go after the more Viking like ones instead," said the blacksmith.**

"_Gee...thanks ass-hole...but aren't you in for a surprise." _**I thought with a smirk on my face, this is going to be fun.**

With a push from Gobber I stood in line with everyone else, and Gobber said to all of us, "Behind these doors are just a few of the many species you will learn to fight," He paused, for a dramatic effect I guess, and walked toward a large door, that was shaking at its hinges; obviously there was a very pissed off dragon waiting behind it, "The deadly Nadder" he paused once again and I rolled my eyes in response.

***Speed: 8, armour: 16" said a very eager Fishlegs who was standing next to me.**

***Hideous Zippleback" he pointed to an even larger door.**

***...Eleven stealth - time 2..."**

***The monstrous Nightmare" the black smith gestured to a door that was smoking at both the wood and its hinges.**

***- Fire-power: 15..." he was jumping on his heals now.**

***And" Gobber finished, as he stopped in front of an iron clad door, with many warning symbols that were over lapping each other, "The terrible terror!"**

***- Attack: 8, venom: 12! -" Fishlegs shouted this time.**

***WOULD YOU STOP THAT?" Gobber yelled and gave a sharp sigh of irritation, obviously becoming annoyed as he walked to a wooden and metal door, it was being knocked around so much that it almost seemed like there was a battering ram on the other side of it.**

***And than... there's the Gronkel," Gobber placed his hand on the lever that would open the door and let the Gronkel free.**

***Jaw-strength: 8." Fishlegs whispered under his breath.**

***Whoa...whoa...Wait!" yelled Snotlot looking terrified "aren't you going to teach us first" he rushed, struggling and failing to hide his panic.**

"_He doesn't believe in that sort of thing" _**I thought to myself with a sigh while rubbing my temples, feeling a headache coming on.
**

***I believe in learning on the job." Gobber answered, with a smile on his face that seemed on the verge of cruel, but of cause I knew it all too well, being Gobber's apprentice and all, I even have a few

scares to show for it although I had never really let them show either. We all witnessed the black smith as he pulled the lever down and set the Gronkel free.**

"_Scatter!" _** I shouted in my head, and without another moment's thought, I instinctually rolled to the side. **

**Suddenly, bursting down the doors as they slowly opened, a mighty dragon flew out. The dragon was coloured a light puke-brown, it had a short body, a gigantic head, and a round tail. Its eyes were yellow, it had two wing-like horns on top of its eyebrows, and a smaller horn on the tip of its nose. **

Its mouth had two large bottom teeth, under its chin and on top of its back and on the tail were purple small and stubby spikes. However, unlike the dreaded Nightmare or any other dragon I had seen, its wings were relatively small, but by the way it was moving I could tell it had good manoeuvrability, I guess we have that in common, I hope it the only thing.

A Gronkel, a bit lazy but nevertheless, dragons were never to be underestimated on the battlefield.

**The dragon manoeuvred about the ring, flapping its wings like a hummingbird, as all the other young Vikings scattered about the ring. **

***Today is all about survival against your opponent. If you get blasted, than you're dead." Gobber warned his students, as the Gronkel flew around angrily**

***Quick" The black smith shouted beginning his little quiz, "What's the first thing you're gonna' need?" **

"_Me? A shield...Them? Probably doctor" _**I snorted not too sure about this exercise.**

***Plus 5 speed?" Fishlegs guessed starting to freak out.**

And of cause Astrid says "a shield!" like it was the most obvious thing in the world, and like I hadn't already said it! Well OK thought it, but that wasn't the point.

***Shield! GO!" we all heard Gobber order, and the others immediately scrambled for the shields, that lined the wall/cage.**

***You're most important piece of equipment is you're shield, if you must make a choice between a sword and a shield... take the shield."**

I caught a glimpse of the other's grabbed their shields as I ran for cover, Tuffnut and Ruffnut both run to the same shield with skulls and fire painted on it, and they grabbed it at the same time. Then they started to fight over it, the two were now playing tug-of-war.

***Take your hands off my shield!" I heard Tuffnut yelled.**

***There's like a million shields!"Ruffnut argued.**

"**Take that one; it has flowers on it. Girls like flowers." Tuffnut said, gesturing with his head to a different shield. But Ruffnut managed to get the shield out of Tuffnut grip, and then she smacked him over the head with it. "Ah!" Tuffnut yelled, feeling the sting of the blow.**

"**Oops," Ruffnut sarcastically apologized with an innocent look on her face, "...now this one has blood on it."**

Tuffnut managed to grab the shield again, and the twins both continued to fight pointlessly over it. The Gronkel, obviously not having much more patience with their bicker, fired a shot of blazing flames that destroyed the shield the twin's had just moments ago been fighting over. The blast was powerful enough to send them both spinning in the air, until finally; they crashed face-first into the ground.

"**Tuffnut! Ruffnut! You're out!" Gobber yelled.**

"**What?" They said, in a daze as they groggily got back up on their feet.**

"**Those shields are good for another thing...Noise!" I heard Gobber advised us as the Gronkle was hovering around, either planning to attack, or basically escape the coliseum dome. "Make lots of it to throw off the dragon's aim!"**

The remaining young Vikings began to hit their shields with their weapons, confusing the Gronkle. The dragon's vision became disoriented with every banging sound made. Now, the young Vikings were nothing more than shaking blurs in its eyesight.

"**All dragons have a limited number of shots," The black smith continued with the lesson, as he quizzed again. "How many dose a Gronkle have?"**

"**Five?" Snotlot guessed.**

"**No six!" Fishlegs yelled out, holding his shield up in the air.**

"**Correct six!" Gobber said, "That's one for each of you!" However, as Gobber said that, the Gronkle took the opportunity, when its head was clear, to destroyed Fishlegs' shield. Fishlegs ran out of the arena with his hands in the air, screaming his head off.**

"**Fishlegs...you're out! Hiccup! Where are you?" Gobber yelled a little bit of confusion hinted in his voice.**

I had taken the opportunity to take cover behind some wood left in the stadium. As I stepped away, I was almost blasted to pieces by the Gronkle. But I was fast on my feet; it was from years of running and keeping hidden from the people of Berk. Now thankfully, it was being used to** dodge, evade, and avoid being either burned, bitten, or even captured by ****the Gronkle.**

**The only ones left now were me and Astrid, Oh and...Snotlot...who was standing way too close to Astrid for my tastes. **

"_Whoa hold on, were did that come from?"_

He was trying to flirt with her, although she was more focused on the training exercise, as well as him being really bad at it, I still had a compulsion to hit the moron when he said, "So yeah, I'm moving into my parent's basement, you should come by some time to work out. You look like you work out." While he eyes run up and down her body. I started to snarl and clench my fists, my body felt like a coil just waiting to spring. I would rip him to shreds if he ever looks at her like that again.

But what made the corner of my lips smirk, was when Astrid half cart-wheeled and half rolled to the side just as the Gronkle shot in her direction. Her quick movement left Snotlot exposed to the attack, his shield was burnt to ash, and he was sent flying in the other direction.

***Snotlot! Yer' done!" the black smith confirmed.**

Astrid had rolled to the side until she was now standing beside me, and personally it was a kind of awkward moment; we were now standing side by side. Although I wasn't sidetracked enough to drop my fighting stance, but I did nod my head in acknowledgment to her presence.

"_What are you doing Hiccup"_** I asked myself, **_"Pay attention!"_

I snapped out just in time to shout quickly "Move!" I hardly had time to notice that I had actually spoken out loud.

We quickly sprang apart in two opposite directions; it was just by chance that the dragon fired a shot just in time for it to connect with Astrid's lower body, causing her to be thrown backwards and into a stone wall.

I looked back at her, feeling worry start to swell in my gut, she was unharmed by the blast but the collision with the wall would at least leave a few burses and marks. But she wasn't out of trouble just yet, she was cornered against the wall, and to make it worse, the Gronkle was now advancing on her.

***Astrid!"I hardly even recognized my voice considering I hadn't been able to speak since I was six, but I was a little distracted to take any more notice than that or even be in shock.**

**The dragon was just about to fire its sixth shot, when I felt something primal just snap and awake inside me, and the next thing I knew I was across the arena, standing protectively in front of Astrid, with my hands sped out before me. **

**It was like everything seemed to slow down and started to go numb, all I was aware of was Astrid's presence behind me and the dragon threatening her, I felt my eyes changed from its usual green to an electric violet alive with power. **

**I don't know how but I just knew what to do next, the blast was only at arm's length from me when it parted right down the middle, the blast was redirected to the wall on either side of us, and leaved

a smouldering whole where the blast had connected with the stone.**

I started calmly walking up to the Gronkle one step at a time, staring into its yellow eyes with my electric ones, and just like that it started to draw back and recoiled until it was in its cage. It curled up in the corner, with its small wing-horns covering its eyes. It was an obvious show of defeat and respect.

I seemed to snap back into reality a few moments after the door swung shut, with the ground rushing to meet me. I managed to land on my knees with a grunt. I felt my eyes turn back to normal and time speed up to its usual pace. I sucked in a deep breath, I felt so weak and my eyes so heavy, I've never felt so drained.

Then everything went black.

10. Chapter 10

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Chapter 9 â€" Later â€" Hiccup's POV

My thoughts were the only company I had the consuming darkness... and no matter how I tried to avoid thinking about it, it kept coming back:

It wasn't like it was the first time I had used my inkling abilities, and it was normal to feel drained afterwards. It was just my body telling me it wasn't used to the strain just yet, and that I'd have to practice a little more for me to adjust, and become stronger.

But this was different, I had collapsed!

No...That wasn't right...somehow my body had just shut down so it could recover this time, I must of pushed myself a little too far, and it was up to me when I woke or how long I stayed in this condemning darkness.

**But what kept haunting my thoughts was that I...I had tamed the Gronkel...But, No...I couldn't have, it's un-heard of, as well as impossible. It didn't matter that I was an ink hearted, or that I was the son of the tribe's greatest worrier, it just wasn't possible and could never be done. **

There were so many questions lingering in my mind, waiting to be answered.

**What had happened? **

**What compelled me to jump in front of the Gronkels blast? **

How did I get there so fast?

Did I imagine what had happened afterwards?

**Then it hit me, the journal I had found a while back, the one that wall full of the inkling history, stories, secrets and myths ever

recorded. I had a vague idea what could be happening, but...**

But it wasn't possible; she wasn't one of my kind, Astrid's human, so It can't be possible to mate with her...right?

The one thing I did know was that once I broke free of this darkness, I was going to catch up with my reading, and I have the perfect journal in mind.

**The next thing that my conscious thought was aware of, I was opening my eyes. But the sunlight was so overpowering, and it took a few moments for my eyes to adjust. **

But once it had, I was instantly aware of my surroundings, and Astrid.

"_Okay... this has to stop; having a mate is just a disaster waiting to happen, as well as HER BEING MUNDANE! SHE WOULDN'T BE ABLE TO HANDLE IT! Plus she's _ASTRID; _she would hate our protective nature with our mates."_

**I needed to get out of here; I needed my space to recover, as well to clear my head of what had just happened, and of Astrid.
**

"**WHAT WAS THAT?" Astrid said, well ok she yelled it, but at least she got her point across. Then Hel broke loose, everyone started to panic, I could hear Fishlegs off to the side screaming with an unusual high pitch, but what really got my blood boiling, and made my jaw clench was when I heard Snotlot. **

I was aware that he stood a little closer to Astrid, close enough in my opinion, maybe the next land over would be better...he was creeping closer and closer to her, I didn't listen to what he said to her, I couldn't let myself, if I did, I might not have been able to hold myself back from causing his death.

_See what I mean by our protective nature with our mates yet? What who said __she__ what my mate._

By now my eyes had adjusted to the brightness of the suns glare, I started to get up off the dirt floor of the coliseum, the movement drew everyone's attention and they all fell silent and still.

A very shocked Gobber broke the silence with "You can't be...It skipped you...so how?" His shock turned to anger in a blink of an eye, but it didn't faze me, I've been through worse.

"**Can't be what! And can someone answer Astrid question, because we'd all like to know the answer!" A fuming Tuffnut demanded.**

Silence stretch for a few moments, until **pulled out my book of parchment and a stick with a charred end, and wrote down "Well...This has been an eventful and fun filled day, but I think I'll be going now..." and quickly showed it to the others, giving them hardly any time to read it as I was striding towards the closest exit.**

**But Gobber had become used to my quick exists and was able to read it faster than the others, as well as catch me when I was just at the

gate. "Oh no you don't boy, ya' ant going' no were until you start and finish talking'." Gobber said now blocking my way out.**

I rubbed the back of my neck; I tended to do that when in thought or was becoming twitchy and annoyed.

I could just force him to move, or fling him to the other side of the arena, and that was exactly what I was about to do, I mean him and Stoic would have done the same to me. But as soon as Astrid said "Don't even dare try to escape" I faltered.

She wouldn't have been able to stop me from leaving even if she and the others did tried together, and don't get me wrong, I'm not being arrogant, it was just what I knew to be true.

No, that wasn't it, it was the tone of her voice, when I heard it, something in me ached, I could hear anger, fascination, caution, curiousness and...Pain?

Pain!...Was she hurt? I unknowingly sniffed the air, trying to catch her scent and reassure myself that she was unscathed. But the wind was blowing roughly in the other direction and was making it difficult. I clenched my jaw, my frustration and worry eating at me.

***How?" The blacksmith demanded once again his impatience now showing.**

What should I do?

**What should I tell them? **

The truth or should I just lie threw my teeth like I have always done?

No! no more hiding! It's time the village of Berk see's the real me, I am the son of Stoic the Vast whom is the chief and finest warrior in berk, I am the next in line to become the next village chief, I am the son of Berta, and the last descendant of the blood of the gods in his veins.

I spin around so to face the others, and stood at my full height, which was surprisingly a lot taller than the people of Berk and my father gave me credit for.

"_No more slouching"_

I took out my book of parchment and burnt stick, and wrote in big and bold writing, "So...What do you want to know?"

And naturally everyone started talking at once, and although I could have made it all out if I had tried I wasn't in the mood to do so. So I crossed my arms in front of my chest and waited patiently for the noise to die down.

It took a few moments, but they started to calm down and come to the realisation that I want going to answer any their questions with them all taking and shouting at once.

***HOW!" Gobber shouted, obviously had run out of patience a while

ago.**

I started writing once again,"Well...maybe you should explain to the others what exactly I am, it might be a little unfair to them, they don't have any idea what's going on unlike you. I would do it but it would take a bit to write it all down."

The blacksmith just stood there for a bit, but after a few moments of thought he hesitantly nodded and faced the others, and hopefully explains.

***Ah...where should I start?" He started off with asking,**

***At the beginning...just an idea" Fish legs said nervously bouncing from one foot to the other.**

***Do any of you remember or have heard of the stories of men who have the god's blood through their vanes?" he went on to say.
**

11. Chapter 11

~o000o~

Chapter 10 " Later " Astrid's POV

"_Do any of you remember or have heard of the stories of men who have the god's blood through their vanes?" he went on to say. _

End
file.